

# Promoe, These Walls Don't Lie

A-1-2, A-1-2

But you don't stop

Then let the short shot

Production: DJ Large

And Promoe on the mic(on the mic, on the mic)

For all my people(all my people, graffiti writers!)

Goes a little something like this:

It was the last days of summer

Sun shinin' through the window

Life movin' real slow

You know how things go

His friends knew him by the name of Bingo

As he turned up the volume on the hot new single

(Turn it up son!)

From Looptroop his favourite rapgroup

He loved how they represented him yo

The graffyouth from the grassroots

He came from Sweden too

Felt proud when he played

his new friends the latest tunes

Check this shit out man

That he had to download

Cause his local recordstore

Was on the other side of the globe

They didn't carry the stuff

But he felt it was okay to do

He spread the Troop's message

All the way to Australia, dude

And man that couldn't be wrong

When Long Arm and Freedom Fighters

Were his fuckin' theme songs

In the headphones those nights

He spent when he stayed up

Adrenaline Rush

When he entered the lay up, singin...

Bada papa papa...

You know graffiti won't die, die

No, it won't, aha

Because these walls don't lie, lie (They don't lie)

Come on

I'm dedicatin' this piece, aha

He said, to those DVSG's

And stepped in with a grin and a boosted Kangol

Mimicking the king

With the ruler's manners

Chorus: Fresh dressed

In his newest shoes and flannels

Then began lettin' on

With the loosest cannons

Figurin' this'll be my coolest panel

But when they see it all they see  
Is just a gruesome scandal

Erasin' all signs of life  
Callin the youth some vandals  
They can't handle the truth  
So this is how the truth is handled

Deep into the music and his art  
Man, his true love  
Didn't even notice when the train pulled up

Before the bloodstains faded  
On the engine cooler  
The very same train  
Hit another writer: Olaf

On a different continental: Europe  
But then they came to the same place,  
That I'm sure of  
In this world people always  
Looked upon them as a terror  
But now 50 000 chariots singin' the chorus, going...

Bada papa papa...  
(aha, aha)

Graffiti writers won't die, die, no  
(I'm telling you)  
Because these walls don't lie, lie, no  
(They don't lie)  
Come on  
I'm dedicatin' this song, song  
To those gone  
Your memory live on(live on)

Bridge:  
I know a lot of people  
Including myself get uncomfortable  
When people including myself  
Get emotional

But I gotta be true to myself  
And to most of y'all  
Man I still got love  
For graffiti culture though

A lot of people including myself  
Get uncomfortable  
When people including myself  
Get emotional

But I gotta be true to myself  
And to most of y'all  
Man I still got love  
For graffiti culture though

A lot changed from  
The days of Spraycan stories  
See me in the yard today  
Lost like a freakin' tourist

And I don't claim to know much  
All I really know is  
We were 17 once

Actin' like we were immortals

Fearin' no evil  
People said we had no morals  
That's fine, their corrupt world  
It really wasn't for us

We just laughed at the bullshit names  
That they called us  
Hated us, we hated them  
And both sides found out what a war is

We were winning in the beginning  
Then found out 'bout the horrors  
Don't get me wrong my lover  
Hundred percent, no less

Peace to my people  
We grow with the knowledge  
I bite on death same time  
I'm playin' hardish to catch

From South Africa  
Writers from New York  
Australia, Spain, France  
And Germany, up north

Still the same rapper tellin'  
Cops to fuck off  
And all my writers:  
Survive! This my love song to y'all

Bada papa papa...

You know graffiti won't die, die, no  
Because these walls don't lie, lie, no  
To all my people world wide, wide, yo'